good with his hands

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good with his hands

by Anonymous

Summary

Putting a crib together shouldn’t have been this hard.

Or Shane has a thing for watching Ilya building furniture.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Putting a crib together shouldn’t have been *this* hard.

It should have actually been as easy as the instructions that came inside the box that Shane methodically cut open to ensure that none of the pieces or parts would get accidentally thrown out with the cardboard box whenever they hauled it to the garbage bin.

They were *not* going to pay to have someone put this together when they were both equally capable of putting the thing together themselves — or at least they should have been able to.

And Shane being Shane insisted that he could somehow put this thing together himself if Ilya would just hold the pieces for him. It was getting more and more apparent that daily tasks in which he normally could have done without a hitch such as cooking and putting his stupid socks on were getting harder with his blimp of a belly in his way.

"It's in Russian." Shane squinted at the Cyrillic letters on the instruction manual that had been tucked neatly. inside the bag that held all the tiny pieces such as the screws, bolts, and tiny ass screw driver that would have doubled the time needed to put the piece of furniture together.

Which it wasn't like he hadn't learned enough Cyrillic to get him out of the rain perse, he just couldn't put together and entire crib based on what he knew alone.

The corner of Ilya's mouth twitched into a grin, taking the directions from his husband to look over them as if he was indeed confirming that they were in his mother tongue. "Looks like you *will* need me to put crib together after all." He snatched up the directions from the floor where they had now fallen after Shane grabbed them again in an act of defiance as if magically he would be able to start reading Russian. Shane dropped them with a petty pout, no hopes of being picked up since his omega was getting to the point in pregnancy where he could barely see his own feet let alone pick up anything that fell to the floor — if it did it was considered a goner because if he bent over to get it there was a fair chance the he wasn't getting back up.

"I can't believe they sent the directions in a different language. What if I didn't have a Russian at my disposal?" Shane put his hands on his hips, a disapproving look on his face as he surveyed the parts to the crib again.

There were definitely a lot. The crib level of difficulty was about a four out of ten it said on the reviews. So it couldn't be *that* bad to put it together.

But then again he had once heard that putting together furniture with a spouse could be the true test of a marriage.

"Hand me that uh…piece A?" Ilya translated the booklet over to english in his head, the process was definitely something to watch because the alpha would look at the paper, look around for the part aimlessly and then start in on how cribs should come premade which Shane couldn't agree more on.

Shane luckily with his orginzation skills was able to find the part but now they were all jumbled up because the one time he left (or two or three) to go to the bathroom due to the baby tap dancing on his bladder currently, somehow Ilya had managed to shift around the pieces so much so that there was no rhyme or reason and parts were definitely everywhere now.

So much for being organized about this.

"Here I think this one is A, I recognize that much." Shane picked up what looked like the headboard that would connect to the pieces that Ilya was already fashioning together.

"Could we still pay for someone to put together?" Ilya took the headboard from Shane, attaching it to the base which he had managed to get that much together. It was definitely starting to resemble a bed.

"Why pay for it when we can build it ourselves?" Shane started and Ilya parroted him, word for word mimicking the way he kept saying that they could just be handymen themselves and save their money.

Which Ilya would have gladly just paid and spent this time holding Shane in their bed and when they woke up it would already be finished.

"Hey! I mean it would be better to tell her we built her crib. Plus like it would put more meaning into it." Shane reasoned, grasping at straws by the time he had tapped out again not understanding where half of the pieces had gone because they were *just* there.

It was like they had disappeared into thin air.

"Oh come the fuck on, you are joking with me- how the hell did that get put on like that?" Ilya muttered aloud, slipping into a string of Russian curses directed at himself as he looked ready to use the hammer in his hand for things other than putting the crib together.

Shane had somehow nodded off in the pile of stuffed animals on their guest bed that was still currently being kept in the nursery just in case they wanted to sleep in there.

"Mmph- what?" The omega looked around pretending as if he hadn't been snoring with his face stuck to the pillow and his hair now all over the place. The crib definitely was coming along but something looked a little strange about it.

Ilya looked like he had been to war and back, a cigarette in hand not lighting it in the house (obviously) but looking like he was seconds away from doing so. He hadn't ever seen his husband *this* stressed in a hot minute and it was over something as simple as their baby's bed.

"Ilya, what time is it anyways? We can pick it back up tomorrow or I can get Hayden to come look at it when he comes to drop off some baby clothes." Shane looked at the tiny bear clock that sat on the pre-built shelves for their books. It read 12:21 am which meant they had been at this for over five hours now as they had started earlier in the evening.

Ilya looked ready to stab someone with the tiny screwdriver at the mere mention of Hayden helping. "No, I will make it." He soldiered on, grumbling beneath his breath in Russian about how Hayden couldn't put a crib together if his life depended on it.

"You know I bet Pike had Jackie put all their cribs together! Or maybe he paid someone because there is not a way in fucking hell that he is smart enough to put puzzle together let alone crib." Ilya waved his hands in the air, dropping one of the boards to the crib bottom on his foot. He let out a hiss and dropped just about everything else and Shane was stumbling through the rest of the parts scattered on the floor to get to his husband.

"Ow what the fuck was that?!" Shane let out a sharp hiss that mirrored the one Ilya had let out earlier having stepped on a pile of the bolts that shouldn't have hurt like it did but then again it was similar to stepping on a lego which he had done plenty of times at the Pike household when they were visiting.

Ilya immediately forgot about his own broken foot- okay so it wasn't broken but damn it felt like it was and helped Shane into the rocking chair that had thankfully been *way* easier to build having given them all the false confidence in the world.

"Watch her not even sleep in it." Shane leaned back letting Ilya massage the bottom of his swollen foot where the bolt had bruised it more than likely. "She'll probably be right next to us." He admitted, stifling a laugh as Ilya leaned up to steal a kiss.

"Probably. She will probably not want to sleep in that thing, especially when it is built so well that she will not want to use it only for special occasion like her first birthday." Ilya reasoned playfully as he picked up the crib slats and began laying them in the bottom of the base.

It wasn't long before the entire thing was finished.

A whole lot of blood, sweat, and tears (mostly Ilya's) later and it was *finally* put together. Ilya had to step back to marvel at the chesnut colored crib that had taken him so much time to put together.

"Now that wasn't so hard." Ilya blew out a breath, hands on his hips again as he looked at the finished piece of furniture that their daughter would more or less get maybe a few uses out of realistically. And that was okay with him.

The thought of their baby girl being in a different room than them already made him a little uneasy — it did the same for Ilya too.

"We could always put it in our room." Shane tossed the suggestion out there, eyeing the behemoth of a crib that his husband had just put together it just dawning on him that they could have put it together in their bedroom. Hindsight was 50/50 and Shane was running on very little sleep as it was.

Ilya didn't get upset, he didn't even bat an eye as he agreed with a nod as he picked the crib up by one side and began pulling it towards him. "I didn't want her in room by herself anyways- our room is too far away and what if she gets scared?"

"She's a baby but you're right I don't want her far away from us especially if I'm getting up every three hours." Shane planned to nurse even if it was complete and utter body horror for him he wanted to give their baby what was best for her. It helped that Ilya was helping him become more…accepting of his bodily changes in his chest area though.

Shane went to pick up the other side of the crib but was met with a stern look from his alpha who was already shaking his head.

"No, just no. You are not supposed to be lifting much less lifting cribs." Ilya scolded him quickly grabbing the crib carrying it like it weighed nothing wordlessly to their bedroom where he sat it next to their bed.

"There, now she can be with us." Ilya swallowed, breathing through his nose catching a strong whiff of— slick?

That damn thing was a lot heavier and sturdier than he originally had thought but there was no way he was letting Shane even lift a finger let alone a crib.

And now his mind was wandering, as were his eyes down to Shane's thighs that were now visibly damp in his shorts from slick-there was no way it could be anything else. The sweet mouth watering aroma was making the alpha lose his ability to translate words from Russian to English in his brain.

"What um- what do we do when we want to you know…" Ilya trailed off, earning a side eye from his husband who was very much trying to hold himself together over where he was now standing at the doorway to their room.

Fuck, that was hot Shane had to admit that much.

"We can buy two cribs one for in here and one for in there- I don't care just please fuck me right now." Shane knew he sounded pathetic but watching Ilya put together a crib (which shouldn't have been as hot as it was) had been edging him all day practically — apparently he had a competency kink it seemed. He was completely soaked at this point and *needed* his husband between his thighs like yesterday.

Ilya lifted Shane up by his ass, wrapping his legs around him as he carried him to their nest — he could *definitely* put together another crib and he would make sure to choose for the directions to be in Russian *again*.

End Notes

💌 not sure how I came up with this but here it is! lmao i feel like shane definitely would have a competency kink and would most definitely wet watching Ilya build and lift something heavy 😂 but anyways here this is, hope you enjoy! 🩷

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